Grace Mr. Naghten

THE

COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

BY HALL HARSTON, ESQ.

BELFAST:

Printed by JAMES MAGEE, at the BIBLE and CROWN, in BRIDGE-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXI.

TO

ELIZABETH,

COUNTESS of MOIRA.

MADAM,

THE attention you have vouchſafed to the Counteſs of *Saliſbury* and the Author, ever ſince they have had the honour of being known to your Ladyſhip, perſuades me that you will take pleaſure in hearing it has been favourably received on the *Engliſh* Theatre. Stript now of all Stage decoration, and the aſſiſtance which it has hitherto received from the moſt animated performance, it is to undergo a ſtricter ſcrutiny, that of the cloſet; a ſcrutiny for which it is indeed but ill provided. I know your Ladyſhip will make a tender allowance for want of Experience in the Author, and ſuch errors as are incident to human imperfection; but this is an indulgence, which I doubt the critic will not ſo readily ſhew him. But however he may cenſure, I muſt ever think myſelf happy in having already acquired your Ladyſhip's good opinion. I am alſo flattered, as often as I think of the near reſemblance my Heroine has to your Ladyſhip. Had I been earlier honoured with your

Ladyſhip's acquaintance, I think I could have much enlarged the character. And yet there are many virtues, many delicacies, which it would have been impoſſible for me to have preſerved in the picture, of which thoſe only can be truly ſenſible, who have the happineſs of being acquainted with the Original.

Pleaſe, Madam, to accept the following attempt, as an offering of my gratitude for many favours; an imperfect indeed, but honeſt proof, of the eſteem, which is due from,

MADAM,

Your LADYSHIP'S

Moſt reſpectful,

Moſt obliged,

Humble Servant,

H. HARTSON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY made her appearance about two years ago in Ireland, where ſhe was received with very ſingular marks of favour; the Author there had many friends, and with all the partiality they might be ſuppoſed to have for him, thoſe friends did not heſitate to declare, that the excellent performance of Mrs. Dancer and Mr. Barry, contributed largely to the ſucceſs of the Piece: written in his early youth, without having much knowledge of the ſtage, or dramatic performances, the Author is ſenſible what his Tragedy muſt be, notwithſtanding the ſmiles with which it has been indulged. England, agreeable to the character of good nature and generoſity which it has eſtabliſhed through all the world, has kindly followed the example of its ſiſter nation, and received with an indulgence the attempt of a young Writer, who is indeed ambitious of pleaſing, but dare not aſpire to excellence. He attributes, in great meaſure, his good fortune now, to what his friends attributed it before, the animated performance of Mrs. Dancer and Mr. Barry: it is theirs to endeavour to ſupport a reputation already gained; his to aim at improvement, in order to acquire one.

M

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

Mr. WESTON, in the CHARACTER of a TEAGUE.

MY Jewels, I'm come to ſpake in the behalf—
Hoot, Devil burn you all, you makes me laugh,
Upon my ſoul now I don't take it well in you:
Arra, be eaſy, till I'm after telling you:
Smit with the love of glory and of pelf,
To-night a bard from Dublin its ownſelf,
Has brought a play here for your approbation,
A very pretty thing by my ſalvation——
If you'll truſt Iriſh Evidence I mean———
I can't the ſtory very well explain;
But it's about a Counteſs and an Earl,
The Counteſs is a mighty honeſt girl;
But there's a villain with a damn'd cramp'd name,
Makes ſuch propoſhals—'tis a burning ſhame———
Another too—a Knight—bekeys as why———
But hould, you know you'll ſee it by and by,
And then 'tis time enough to tell the plot.
O, but that's true, I'd like to have forgot,
The dreſſes—'Pon my conſcience, in my days
I never ſaw their peer, they're all a blaze.
Then there's a child, the ſweeteſt little rogue———
Only excuſe a trifling ſpice of brogue——

PROLOGUE.

He'll make you cry your eyes out, I'll be bound——
'Tis Ireland is the true poetic ground.
The Muſes—Phœbus, heath'niſh cant I loath!
What's Mount Parnaſſus to the hill of Howth:
Or all the ſcenes each fooliſh poet paints——
O bub bub bo! give me the Iſle of Saints.
Turn up your Noſes, cavil now and carp——
Muſha, I'm ſure our emblem is the harp.
But ſtop, the bell rings. Fait they'll ſoon begin;
'Tis time for me to be a going in.
I take my leave then—but dear craters mind—
Pray to our Iriſh poetry be kind:
'Tis a new manufacture in effect————
And yours, my ſowls, t'encourage and protect;
No critic cuſtom then exacted be,
Paſs it, like Iriſh linen, duty free.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. DANCER.

THIS virgin author's ſuch a bluſhing rogue——
What! no gay, lively, laughing epilogue!
" Madam (ſays he, and look'd ſo wiſe) in Greece"—
(Greece; that's their cant) " no jeſting clos'd the piece.
" Play, epilogue and all were grave and ſolemn"—
Then, Sir, the town were fools that did not mawl 'em.
No—let your heroine, in this laughing age,
Come thus, (as Bayes ſays) ſouſe upon the ſtage;
Then with a jaunty air, half ſmile, half grin,
Curtſey quite round the boxes, and begin.

A ſpark from court, and no one to detect him!
A pretty fellow too, and yet reject him!——
Now, Ladies, let me die but it was ſilly——
You'd not approve ſuch horrid prudery—will ye?—
I ſhould have bleſs'd the occaſion, and receiv'd him!
He ſhould have kneel'd and vow'd, and I believ'd him;
Laugh'd, danc'd and ſported it, till ſpouſe came over,
Then kiſs'd my dear—while Betty hid my lover.

But here again our Poet checks my flight,
" Nay, Madam, you miſtake the matter quite.
" My heroine liv'd in antient honeſt times;
" Cards were unknown, and galliantries were crimes."—
'Pſha! what if females then were ſeldom rovers?
Huſbands—(aye, there's the cauſe) were warm as lovers.

Their warlike days indeed were ſpent in killing;
But then, at night—no turtles were ſo billing.

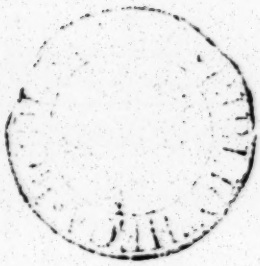
Well—tho' he gives me no ſmart things to ſay,
I wiſh this begging face may ſave his play:
The thing may mend, and learn to pleaſe you better.——
Do then—nay, pray you ſhew him ſome good nature.

Persons of the Drama.

Alwin,	Mr. Barry.
Raymond,	Mr. T. Barry.
Grey,	Mr. Sowdon.
Morton,	Mr. Palmer.
Sir Ardolf,	Mr. Baniſter.
Leroches,	Mr. Gardner.
Lord William,	Miſs Palmer.
Eleanor,	Mrs. Burden.
Counteſs of Salisbury,	Mrs Dancer.

Knights, Peaſant, *&c.*

SCENE *Saliſbury* Caſtle, and the Country about it.



THE

Countess of SALISBURY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Avenue *leading to a* Gothic Castle.

Enter GREY, and FIRST KNIGHT.

Grey. A MESSENGER dispatch'd by lady Salisbury!

Knight. And in the specious guise he wore, had pass'd
Unquestion'd, had not I, in happy season,
Approach'd, even as th' unwary centinels
Half op'd the gate. By threats o'eraw'd in part,
In part through hope of favour won, he own'd
At length, by whom employed, whither bent,
And for what purpose.

Grey. Say———

Knight. Strait to repair
To Marlborough; where now, as fame reports,
Our king resides, with all his peers, and there

To

To ſeek the lord de Warren; to what end
This paper will, as I ſuppoſe, inform you——
I was about to bear it to lord Raymond.

Grey. That care be mine. Henceforward it concerns
Us near, our vigilance be doubly firm.

[*Exit* Knight.

GREY *reads*.

The counteſs of Saliſbury, *to her illuſtrious Friend, the lord de* Warren.

" I have loſt my huſband—Me and my lands lord
" Raymond claims, as by royal grant aſſigned to
" him. He has baniſhed my train, encompaſſed me
" with his creatures, and holds me a priſoner in my
" own caſtle. If the memory of thy noble friend be
" dear to thee, haſte and reſcue the afflicted

ELA."

How near was Raymond's hope, the beauteous hope
He tended with unceaſing care, how near
My riſing fortunes marr'd—I like not this:
Her, and her rich domains he would poſſeſs;
Yet in his breaſt there lives that kind of heart
Withholds him from the path that's neareſt—He,
That wou'd be great, muſt firſt be bold.
I hate thoſe motley'd characters;
Something, I know not what 'twixt good and ill,
Yet neither abſolute: all good, all ill,
For me—That day, ſaith he, that happy day,
Which ſees the Counteſs mine, ſhall amply pay
Thy ſervices: a doubtful ballance this
Whereon my fortunes hang—This way he moves;
And, by his gait and geſture, ill at eaſe——
We muſt be firm;
My hopes demand it, and the time admits
No weak, no ſcrupulous delay——

Enter

Enter RAYMOND.

Raym. To ſue,
But ever without grace to ſue—oh Grey!
I am even weary of the vain purſuit.
Grey. It is, in truth, my lord, an irkſome labour.
Raym. But now I caſt me at the fair one's feet;
Pleaded my paſſion with whatever arts
Might beſt the gentle purpoſe aid; but ſhe,
Inſtead of ſuch return as I might hope,
Repaid me with an eye of cold contempt.
Of her late gallant lord ſhe ſpoke; his merits
In oppoſition hateful plac'd to mine.
Urg'd, then, with recollection of her wrongs,
Like the loud torrents, with ſteep winter rains
O'ercharg'd, in all the looſe, ungovern'd ſway
Of wrath and indignation, ſhe aſſail'd me.
Grey. And did my lord, in this unſeemly faſhion,
Hear all with equal temper? Wak'd he not
With ſuch a peal?
Raym. Thou know'ſt not what it is
To love like me—Long time (for paſſion now
Had ſhed o'er all her charms a brighter glow,
That like Jove's daughter moſt ſhe look'd, ſevere
In youthful beauty) long I lay, o'eraw'd
And ſilenc'd as by ſome ſuperior being;
Till wak'd by pride, quick from the floor I ſprung;
Warn'd her how ſhe provok'd my power;
'Twas great, 'twas now within theſe walls ſupreme:
I long had gently woo'd her, but that love,
Tho' patient, would not always brook diſdain.
Grey. 'Twas well: and what enſu'd?
Raym. Silence at firſt,
Then tears; bright drops, like May-morn dews that fall
From the ſweet bloſſom'd thorn. Back in her chair
She ſunk—Oh! had you ſeen her then, diſſolv'd
In all the ſoft, the lovely languiſhment
Of woe; while at her knee, with countenance

Moſt

Moſt piteous ſtood her beauteous boy, and look'd
As if each tear, which from his mother fell,
Wou'd force a paſſage to his little heart———
I fled; elſe had I kneel'd, and wept myſelf
As well as ſhe.

Grey. O ſhame to manhood!—ſuits
Such weakneſs with our hopes?

Raym. She muſt, ſhe muſt,
Yes, Grey, ſhe muſt be mine—and yet—yet fain
Wou'd I perſuade the fair one, not compel.

Grey. Say to what purpoſe then was ſeiz'd her Caſtle?
When ſhe your ſuit rejected, then perforce
To claim her as the gift of royal favour!
To lord it here ſo long, and now to faluter———
My lord, my lord, the mound is overleapt,
What now forbids but without further pauſe
To crop the rich, the golden fruits within?

Raym. Ungracious is the love reluctance yields;
And cold, cold even as marble is the maid,
Who comes unwilling to another's arms.

Grey. In brief, would you partake the lady's bed?

Raym. What means the queſtion?

Grey. Look on that, my lord:
Better *reluctant* come, than not at all.

Raym. ——How come this to your hand?

Grey. By one whoſe cares
Of thee demand no trivial recompence.
His wakeful eye it was deſcry'd the bearer;
Elſe had the watch with all their vigilance
Prov'd inſufficient.

Raym. My better angel interpos'd.

Grey. Had this it's purpos'd ſcope attain'd—my lord,
Were this but whiſper'd in our Henry's ear——
He gave the royal nod you ſay: true, he
Permitted, but thus far; that you ſhould woo
The lady, and her choice approving, wed;
No more. By us the publick ear is told
She hath approv'd: our artifice hath ſpread
The rumour; and with ſome it is receiv'd

That

That ſhe is now your full-eſpouſed conſort:
But truth, my lord, long cannot reſt conceal'd;
It will abroad, of that be ſure, in ſpite
Of all our ſtudied wiles.

Raym. What's to be done?

Grey. 'Tis critical; and muſt be manag'd nicely—
But ſee with Eleanor the counteſs comes;
And in her hand the young lord William. Here
Her cuſtom is to walk: retire we now;
And thou obſerve the counſels of a friend.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Enter Lady SALISBURY, Lord WILLIAM, ELEANOR.

Lady *Saliſ.* Talk'ſt thou of patience? what! the very roof,
That ſhould protect and ſhelter me, become
My priſon! Aw'd, and threaten'd, as I am,
By this intruder!—Cruel deſtiny!
Had I not more than common griefs before?

Elea. In evil hour thy hoſpitable gates
Were open'd to receive him.

Lady *Saliſ.* Unguarded that I was!—But who could then
Foreſee the purpoſe of his coming?

Elea. Who
Can think even yet, that once repuls'd, he e'er
Wou'd thus preſume?

Lady *Saliſ.* Is there no ſuccour then?
No generous hand to vindicate my wrongs?——
Oh Saliſbury! Saliſbury! why, if yet thou liv'ſt——
Fond hope! he lives not, elſe with ſpeed of thought
Would he repair to his afflicted Ela.

Elea. Why, dearest lady, will you yield you up
A prey to purpos'd ſorrow? time is fruitful;
And the next hour perhaps may bring thee comfort.

Lady *Saliſ.* Day after day I've watch'd the joyleſs hours;
Night after night, when ſome fleet courier ſent
Before perchance, or letter fraught with ſweet

Aſſurance

Aſſurance of his ſafety might appear;
Five tedious moons have paſs'd ſince firſt were told
The diſmal tidings; no fleet courier ſent
Before, alas! nor letter with ſuch ſweet
Aſſurance yet appears—He's gone, he's loſt!
And I ſhall never, never ſee him more.

Elea. Ah! ſuffer not the leaden hand of cold
Deſpair thus weigh thee down; I yet have hope—

Lady *Saliſ.* Away with hope, away. No, no; full loud,
As I remember, and outrageous blew
The ſtorm, that even the ſolid fabric ſhook
Of yonder walls; deep-rooted oaks gave way;
Churches and ſpires were overturn'd; nor even
The peaſant's humble roof eſcap'd that hour.
The fleet, ſave only one, one luckleſs ſhip,
Have all return'd; my lord nor hath been ſeen,
Alas! nor ever heard of ſince the ſtorm.

Elea. Heaven viſit her affliction and beſtow
That patience which ſhe needs.

Lady *Saliſ.* No, Eleanor: no more ſhall he
To theſe deſerted walls return. No more
Shall trophies, won by many a gallant deed,
Thro' the long hall in proud proceſſion move:
No more fair Saliſbury's battlements and towers
Re-echo to th' approaching trumpet's voice.
Never, oh! never more ſhall Ela run
With throbbing boſom at the well-known ſound,
T' unlock his helmet, conqueſt plum'd, to ſtrip
The cuiſhes from his manly thigh, or ſnatch
Quick from his breaſt the plaited armour, wont
T' oppoſe my fond embrace—Sweet times farewel,
Theſe tender offices are now no more.

Lord *Wil.* Mother, why do you ſpeak ſo? You make me ſad.

Lady *Saliſ.* It is too ſoon, my child, for thee to know
What ſadneſs is.

Lord *Wil.* Will not my father come home ſoon?
Eleanor told me he wou'd: ſhe wou'd not tell a lye

Lady

Lady *Salis.* No, love.
Lord *Wil.* Then he will come.
Lady *Salis.* Sweet innocence, I fear he will not.
Lord *Wil.* I hope he is not sick.
Lady *Sal.* —Go, lovely pratler, seek thy toys; go, go.
Lord *Wil.* I will, good mother; but don't be sad, or I shall be so too. [*Exit.*
Lady *Sal.* Sweet state of childhood! unallay'd with cares;
Serene as spring-tide morn, new welcom'd up
With bleat of lamb, with note of woodlark wild.
With riper years come passions turbulent
And rude, a baleful crew, unnumber'd as
The forest leaves that strew the earth in autumn.
When happiness is round thee, when thou art on
The lap of downy ease, when thou art cherish'd
In the fair bosom of unruffl'd joy,
Comes a fell hand, dashes thee rudely down,
And leaves thee to despair.
Elea. Cease,
Cease, lady, to afflict thee: Raymond may,
I trust he will, e're long retire, and give
Thee ease again—But hither comes his minion:
Much with his lord he can; and, as he lists,
To purposes of good or ill o'er-rules
His mind: if he accost thee, speak him gently.

Enter GREY.

As you are fair above all other women,
So may you lend to that I would implore
A gracious ear.
Lady *Sal.* Without more preface, briefly speak thy suit.
Grey. To love, but ne'er to reap of love the sweet
Returns, is sure the worst of ills,
Lady *Sal.* And what of that?
Grey. Tho' love denied, yet pity may do much
To soothe the wound that beauty gives—In brief,

Thou

Thou much rever'd! my ſuit is in behalf of Raymond.

Lady *Sal.* Then I will ſpare us both ſome coſt
Of words—In brief, I love him not, nor pity:
So tell thy lord—I would be private———hence.

Grey. Your words are brief indeed; but of that kind
I dare not, muſt not bear my lord.

Lady *Sal.* Muſt not?

Grey. 'Tis cruel toward the man who loves ſo fondly.

Lady *Sal.* Doth he aſſume the ſpecious name of love?
Love is a bright, a generous quality,
Heaven gave to noble minds; pure, and unmix'd
With every groſſer ſtuff; a goodly flower
That ſhoots up and bloſſoms in great ſouls alone.

Grey. The mind, th' exalted ſoul thou nam'ſt, is his.
Lives there a youth more gentle of condition,
In fair accompliſhments more grac'd, admir'd?
If beauty ſway thy fond regards, if wealth,
I know not in fair England one with him
Can vie.

Lady *Sal.* Is then the ſtar, the peerleſs ſtar,
That late was gaz'd on, quite obſcur'd? What tho'
He may have ſet, hath he not left a train
Of glory in the ſkies?—Th' illuſtrious name
Of Saliſbury yet ſurvives—If wealth—but mark me,
Were he of all the wealth poſſeſs'd from where
Th' Eaſt Indian bids the ſun good-morrow, to where
Th' Atlantic in her wide extended lap
Receives him ſetting; could he in each hand
A thouſand ſceptres place, not all ſhould bribe
Me to his bed—No, Saliſbury! thou haſt been
The huſband of my early love; with thee,
That love was all interr'd; and when I pluck
It forth again, gape wide that earth wherein
Thou lieſt, quick ſnatch me from the light of Heaven,
And ſwallow me within her loweſt priſon!

Grey. For pity's ſake yet ſoften; for, oh ſure
No former love could ever equal this;

No

No bosom boast the generous flame wherewith
Lord Raymond glows for thee, admired fair!

Lady *Sal.* Hear this, ye Heavens, and grant me patience,——where's
My people? where the freedom that I late
Was blest with? wherefore is my palace throng'd
With strangers? Why, why are my gates shut up
And fortified against their rightful mistress?

Grey. Madam————

Lady *Sal.* Is this the love he boasts?
Is this the fair accomplish'd, this the gentle youth?
Must I recal to mind—came he not then,
Even while the memory of my dear lov'd lord
Was green; while sorrow yet was in mine eyes?
—Tears: ye will choak me—came he not even then,
And broke in on my sorrows? Like a spoiler
He came, heap'd up the measure of my woes,
Added new anguish to th' afflicted heart,
And swell'd the current of the widow's tears.

Grey. Madam, were he that spoiler thou proclaim'st,
He need not now thus humbly sue for that
His power long since, unask'd might have extorted.

Lady *Sal.* Ha!—what art thou that thus presum'st to threaten?
Extorted —Hence thou rude one, bolder even
Than him who calls thee slave.

Grey. Madam you speak
As though you knew me not.

Lady *Sal.* I know thee well——
To what concerns lord Raymond I have spoke,
My final purpose fix'd:
For thee, I charge thee shun my presence; hence,
And learn the distance that befits thy calling.

Grey. Not ere I speak more fully to the cause—
Nay, lady, look not on me with so stern
An eye, but give me patient hearing————

Lady *Sal.* No more; I'll hear no more.

Grey. Not hear!—When next we meet—I will be heard. [*Exit.*

Lady

Lady *Sal.* What meant he, Eleanor ?—I will be heard.

Elea. Alas I know not : but a ſoul he hath,
Prompt and alert to acts of deſperate thinking.
Hardly thou art beſet ; O lady, lend
An ear to what thy Eleanor would counſel.
When next he comes (for that he hath obtain'd
Of Raymond leave to woo thee to his will,
I know) aſſume a gentler carriage. Seem
As tho' you may hereafter to his ſuit
Incline. Be rul'd : neceſſity oft lends
A ſanction to deceit. Demand a pauſe :
My lord of Saliſbury's fate yet unconfirm'd
Shall add thereto a ſeeming colour. Chance,
Mean time that comes or ſoon or late to all,
To thee may come with unexpected ſuccour.

Lady *Sal.* ——Sincerity,
Thou ſpotleſs as the ſnowy-veſted hill,
Forgive me, if by lawleſs power conſtrain'd,
I turn this once from my long-trodden path ;
It muſt be ſo————
Oh Saliſbury! Saliſbury ! thou lamented ſhade!
Deſcend from thoſe pure manſions, where thou ſit'ſt
Exalted : hover o'er me : and as thou
Wert wont, ſupport me in this hour of trial.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE within the Castle.

Enter RAYMOND and GREY.

GREY.

AWAY, my lord, away with every care;
The conflict's past, and fortune is our own—
Defeated once, again I sought the fair;
I sought her, and prevail'd.
Raym. By all the joys, the nameless joys, that on
The precious hour of soft compliance wait,
I will requite thee nobly. Say, for much
My wonder's mov'd, how hast thou found
Such grace? how wrought this change, thus sudden thus,
Unhop'd from her late bearing?
Grey. Uncertain is the sex—but that imports not.
It now remains, that proof, such proof be sought
Of Salisbury's fate, as by minute detail
Of circumstance shall with the lady gain
Prompt credence—Hear what I have devis'd, if you
Approve———

Enter a KNIGHT.

Knight. My lord, two strangers I have brought,
Within the precincts of the castle found.
Raym. Sayst thou? two strangers? of what quality?
Knight. With me they were of speech not over-prompt;
But by their outward guise they would seem men
As with some pious purpose charg'd. Severe
The younger seems, but of excelling form;
And wishes to recruit his wearied limbs
Beneath the friendly covert of this roof.

Raym.

Raym. Conduct them to our presence———
[*Exit* Knight.

I were loath,
The weary traveller to dismiss my gates,
Unhospitably rude; yet none I wish,
While we are yet suspended at the nod
Of peevish and uncertain chance, t'approach
These walls.

Re-enter KNIGHT with STRANGERS.

Whence and what are you?
First Stranger. What we are,
These weeds, tho' we were silent, might unfold.
Alwin I am call'd, my fellow-traveller
Leroches. Our way was bent for Canterbury,
With purpose of a pious vow: o'erta'en
By weariness from travel, and desire
Of food, we journey'd hitherward, in hope
The lord of these fair turrets first descry'd,
At close of evening might befriend our toils.
Raym. Whence have you come?
Alwin. From France, not many days.
Raym. Say, what occasion may have call'd you thither?
Alwin. To aid (Heaven prosper long) my country's [weal.
Raym. You are a soldier then?
Alwin. I have been such;
And to be such was my most dear inclining;
Smit with the love, even from my greenest youth,
Of honest arms. Some share of fame I too
Atchiev'd—But ill the soldier it beseems
To trumpet his own praises.
Raym. Cease not so.
Tho' in the school of war untutor'd, much
It pleaseth me to hear the brave man's labours.
Alwin. None but have heard how some time since was sent
(To claim of Lewis certain lands usurp'd)
A puissant force—

Raym.

Raym. Were you therein employed?
Alwin. Beneath the royal Banner I enroll'd,
As was my bent, in queſt of fame.
Raym. Indeed!
Lord Saliſbury then perchance of thee was known?
Alwin. I knew him well; our liege's near ally,
And ſecond to duke Richard in command.
Faſt by his ſide was my allotted poſt,
Upon the marſhal'd field: by him I fought,
For him had died.
Raym. Of him fame loudly ſpeaks,
That in thoſe wars he was a gallant man.
Alwin. He was not wont, while others bravely fought,
To look unactive on.
Ler. A foe like him
France never knew, of all that warriour hoſt,
Which like an inundation England pour'd
On her affrighted ſhores—
Raym. But what
Have prov'd his latter fortunes I ſhou'd wiſh
To learn—Say, courteous ſtranger, if thou canſt.
Of this renowned lord a rumour hath
Long ſince prevail'd, that he on Gallia's coaſt
Was wreck'd with all his crew.
Alwin. What cauſe there was
For ſuch report, alas! theſe eyes have ſeen;
How true in part it is, too ſure this tongue
Can teſtify.
Raym. I pray you let us hear.
Alwin. —O'ercharg'd with human prey, fell war had ceas'd
To walk his waſteful round; well pleas'd we turn
Us from the blood-ſtain'd field; exulting each
With ſome rich ſpoil, trophies by valiant dint
Of arms atchiev'd. Forthwith the eager hoſt
Embark.
And now the chalky cliffs on Albion's coaſt
T' our ſtraining view appear'd; th' exulting crew
With peals redoubled greet the well known ſhores—

Ill-fated men!—in vain the anxious dame
Oft mounts the high rais'd tower, thence earneſt looks
Haply if her wiſh'd for lord may come; in vain
The pratling boy oft aſks her of his ſire,
That never, never ſhall return.

Raym. Proceed,
Good ſtranger; what was the event?

Alwin. Anon
The winds began to ſhift; up roſe a ſtorm
And heav'd the boſom of the troubled deep.
On the ſwoln billow ſits enthron'd grim Death,
And ſhakes his fatal dart—The fleet, which late
In ſuch fair order ſail'd, is now diſpers'd.
Before the wind we drove, left to the mercy
Of the wild waves, and all-diſpoſing Heaven—
Oh my lov'd friends! aſſociates of my toils!
Reſcu'd in vain from War's wide-waſteful arm,
Here end your labours; here ſweet life forſakes you.
For me a ſlender plank, next to the hand
Of ſome good angel, bore me to the ſhore.
Of full five hundred gallant lives, which late
Embark'd, not one that fatal hour ſurviv'd.

Raym. Save only thee.

Alwin. Save only me.

Raym. Speak now ſecure, for nearly it concerns
My quiet, ſpeak—was, Saliſbury of your crew?

Alwin. Alas! too ſure.

Raym. Enough—Thy courteſy
Of us may well, and ſhall be well requited.
Of this our friend accept mean time his prompt
Regards; anon we ſhall be glad to hold
Some further converſe with you.

[*Exit* ALW. LERO. *and* KNIGHT.

Grey. Of this ſtranger
What thinks my Lord?

Raym. As of an angel, ſent
To waft me on his wings ſtraight to the ſummit
Of all my wiſhes, with what a gallant grace
He bears him!—Much I wiſh to hear him ſpeak
Again; to hear the battles he has fought,

And

And all the ſtory of his life and fortunes.

Grey. That we ſhall learn hereafter: but 'tis meet
That he to lady Saliſbury firſt unfold
The ſum of what he hath reported.

Raym. Methinks
I now behold her, like ſome full blown flower,
The faireſt of the garden, late o'ercharg'd
With ſhowers, her head declining ſad, whilſt he
Recounts the ſtory of her Saliſbury's fate.
Wou'd ſhe were mine without a tear;
Without a ſigh!—But ſhe muſt weep; ſhe muſt;
Thereon my *all* depends—Oh wayward ſorrow!
That wounds, yet wounding heals the lover.

[*Exit ambo.*

Scene changes—Lady SALISBURY reclining on a couch.

Enter ELEANOR.

Elea. Grief, that of time's fix'd periods for repoſe
Takes ſmall account, hath lull'd her wearied ſenſes—
Where'er thou dwell'ſt, O Peace with azure eye
Serene; or if in ſtately-ſtructur'd dome,
Or thatch-roof'd cottage low, or in cool grot
By fountain clear thou ſit'ſt, or if perchance
Along the ſilver brook's green liveried verge
Reclin'd, approach thou roſy dimpled fair;
Leave thy ſweet haunts a while; and with that balm
Which ſooths the woe-ſtruck heart, await her flumbers.
The hour approaches, when, as is her cuſtom,
She ſeeks the hallow'd ſhrine, and pious wakes
The voice of pure devotion to high heaven:
I'll thither and expect her—but ſhe wakes—
How fares the miſtreſs of my beſt regards?
Proved her ſlumbers ſweet as were my wiſhes?

Lady *Sal.* Sweet, ſweet, my Eleanor, ſo ſweet, oh! wou'd
I ne'er had wak'd. I dreamt, as wont on him
To dream, that I beheld his gracious form,

My bosom's lord; a while he stood, and seem'd
On me to smile; then flew to my embraces.———
Ah fleeting extacy! 'twas but a dream:

Enter a KNIGHT.

Knight. Thy favour, lady; I am charg'd with news,
That much imports thy hearing: summon up
Thy powers; two strangers late have come, of whom
One brings assured tidings of thy lord.

Lady *Sal.* —My lord—what—speak—

Knight. He saith he knew my lord
Of Salisbury well; that he was of his crew;
And with that peer embark'd from France.

Lady *Sal.* ——But——well——from France——

Knight. Lady, all must have
Their sorrows. Straight rose a mighty tempest,
Dispers'd the fleet o'er all the seas—
The storm—the fatal wreck—of all
The stranger gives most circumstantial proof.

[*Exit.*]

Elea. Alas the tidings!—dearest lady, give
Thy sorrows vent; thy bosom's overfraught,
And will find ease by letting loose its woes.

Lady *Sal.* ——Well, well.——
Then he is lost, and all, all is despair.
Tho' languid, yet was hope not quite extinct—
Where, where's the stranger? seek him, haste; that I
May hear him fully speak of all. [*Exit.* Knt.] Methinks
'Twill be a desperate sort of soothing; to hang
Upon each sound, catch every circumstance
Of the sad story, and wring my aching heart
Till I am even surfeited with sorrow.

Elea. Behold, the stranger comes—

Enter ALWIN.

Lady *Sal.* Bear, bear me up, good Heaven!
That I may give full measure to my sorrow.

Alwin.—Thy angel hover o'er thee and support thee.
[*in an under voice.*]

Lady *Sal.* ———The dead ere now
Have burst the prisons of the close pent grave,

And

And apparitions ſtrange of faith appear'd;
Perhaps thou too art but a ſhadow; let
Me graſp thee, for as I have life, I think—
It is, it is my Saliſbury! Oh my lord!
Lord *Sal.* My boſom's joy!
Lady *Sal.* ———And doſt thou live indeed?
Amazing Providence! He does! he does!
Look! look; behold him, Eleanor! behold
The gracious form! the viſion was not vain.
[Eleanor *goes aſide.*]
Lord *Sal.* —And art thou, art thou then—
Lady *Sal.* —O my full boſom!
Lord *Sal.* The ſame, by time and circumſtance unchang'd?
Lady *Sal.* Unhop'd reverſe! —Hence, hence all former woes—
My lord! my life! hence, hence, be ſwallow'd up
All griefs, and loſt in this moſt bliſsful hour.
Lord *Sal.* Thou art, I ſee, thou art the ſame, thou muſt;
Thou haſt not yielded to another lord?
Lady *Sal.* Another lord!—And cou'd you, did you think
'Twas ſo?
Lord *Sal.* Thus ſpoke loud rumour on my way:
Indeed I ſcarce cou'd think it.
Lady *Sal.* Oh! 'Twas foul!
Indeed thou ſhould'ſt not think it——
Lord *Sal.* Ever dear!
No more; my ſoul is ſatisfied, and thinks
Of nothing now but happineſs and thee.
Lady *Sal.* Say then, thou wanderer—Oh! I have much
Of thee to aſk, thou much to hear: how is't
I ſee thee, ſee thee thus? Where haſt thou been?
What ſecret region hath ſo long detain'd thee?
Lord *Sal.* O thou! whoſe image, ever in my view,
Suſtain'd me angel-like againſt the rough
And rapid current of adverſity,
Shou'd I recount the ſtory of my fortunes,
Each circumſtance, beginning from that day

We parted, to this hour, thine ear wou'd be
Fatigu'd; the ſtars, ere I had ended, ceaſe
To twinkle, and the morning's ſun break in
Upon the unfiniſh'd tale; ſuffice it thee
To know the ſum.
For England we embark'd, when, black and foul,
A tempeſt riſing, quick upturn'd the ſeas,
And caſt me forth upon an hoſtile ſhore.
Why need I tell thee, love, how, in diſguiſe,
On foot, alone, I've toil'd my weary way,
Thro' dreary vale, o'er mountain wild; my bed
Oft of the blaſted heath, whilſt o'er my limbs
Dank night hath ſhaken her cold, dewy wings,
And the chill northern gale has ſpent his breath
On my defenceleſs head?
Thro' what variety of ſtrange events
I've come, Heaven guided, to behold, once more,
My wife?—But, ah! my ſon! our only hope!
My boy! what, what of him?

Lady *Sal.* Dear to theſe eyes
As is the new-born light of Heaven! he lives;
Is well—but ſay, my lord, what would thy coming,
Thus unattended, thus diſguiſed!

Lord *Sal.* How I eſcap'd from hard captivity,
And Gallia's coaſt, more leiſure ſhall inform you.
My friend ſir Ardolph had but juſt embrac'd me,
(The firſt glad tranſports of our meeting o'er)
When, with an honeſt tear, the good old man
In brief diſclos'd what fame had now reported;
That thou wert ſoon, or had'ſt, ere this eſpous'd
Earl Hubert's nephew, and ſole purpos'd heir—

Lady *Sal.* Oh moſt unhallow'd, thus t'abuſe
My unattainted love!—And cou'd my lord—

Lord *Sal.* Yet hear me—Strait I graſp'd my ſword,
And, ſingle as I was, had ſallied forth,
Had not my friend's ſage counſel interpos'd.
By Ardolf ſway'd I veil'd me as thou ſee'ſt;
And, with a ſharer in the dark intent,
Set forward on my way for Sal'ſbury caſtle:
A ſimple hind's low cottage, not far hence,

Received

Received us. Here, faſt by the green-wood ſide,
We lodg'd; reſolv'd, ourſelves unknown to prove
What doubtful rumour only had proclaim'd.
With this intent, at duſk of evening, we
Forſook the cot—

Lady *Sal.* There needs no more: Heaven ſaw
Me, and was touch'd with pity—What a change
This hour! Sequeſter'd as I was, even like
The votariſt; perhaps the deſtin'd prey
Of rude deſire—

Lord *Sal.* O for to-morrow's ſlow returning night!

Lady *Sal.* Say, what of that, my Lord?

Lord *Sal.* Revenge, revenge!
I'll tell thee—Soon as dark uſurping night
Shall chace to morrow's ſun adown the ſkies,
Know, Ardolf, with a choſen troop of friends,
To that ſame cottage, arm'd ſhall come—

Enter ELEANOR

Elea. My lord, I hear th' approach of haſty ſteps.

Lord *Sal.* Farewel my beſt:
Nor peace nor ſleep ſhall viſit me, till I
Have given thee freedom, and reveng'd our wrongs.

Enter KNIGHT.

Knight. Lord Raymond, ſir, forthwith expects your coming.

Lord *Sal.* I will attend him, Lady, fain wou'd I
Have told thee leſs ungracious things; but all
Have their appointed trials. Learn to bear;
Convinc'd, the Hand of Heaven when it inflicts,
Prepares us oft for ſome ſuperior good.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE within the Castle.

Enter RAYMOND and GREY.

Raym. I SEE nor cause my joys to check, nor boast
As yet securely.
Grey. Think, that Hope, the young,
Tho' merry minded fair, exalts us oft,
To make our fall the greater.
Raym. This prudent maxim ;——
Grey. Mark the wary falcon ;
Forward he shoots his piercing eye, and kens
The quarry from afar ; like his be thine——
Perhaps, my lord, mine are but nicer fears,
Wak'd in a heart o'er anxious of thy welfare,
Yet hath the younger of these strangers rais'd
In me suspicions of alarming hue,
Lest, underneath this honest guise, there lurk
Some subtle mischief. Lady Salisbury saw him :
Their conference, as 'twas long, so was it held
In secret ; wou'd we had been present.
Raym. Granting
Our presence had been seemly, wherefore spoke
You not this counsel ere they met ?
Grey. I saw not the danger.
His honest carriage, and the recent change
Within her mind had lull'd each nicer fear.
Raym. 'Till now unmov'd, say what hath wak'd
suspicion ?
Grey I know not well—wou'd she were firmly thine,
Beyond the reach and grasp of wayward fortune.
The knight, whose office was to introduce
Him to the countess, he dismiss'd ere they
Approach'd th' apartment.
Raym. Indeed !
Grey. This, too—Is it not strange, tho' night, and
this

Thy

Thy proffer'd roof, invited his ſojourn,
He wou'd not wait th' approach of morning?
Raym. Are they gone?
Grey. Amid th' unguarded joy
Which held us, they eſcap'd unheeded.
Enter SECOND KNIGHT,
Knight. My lord,
Two ſtrangers, it is ſaid, in Palmer's weeds
Attir'd, have lodg'd ſince morning in a hut;
You may have mark'd it in the darkſome glen,
Near to the foreſt of wild oaks, juſt where
The ſtream white ruſhes down the ſhelving cliff.
Raym. Since morning ſay'ſt thou?
Knight. Further I have learn'd
Their guiſe, as doth appear from certain words
O'er heard, is borrow'd with deſign to mask
Some ſecret purpoſe. [*Exit.*]
Grey. It muſt be ſo;
Their cloſe concerted arts have foil'd our caution.
Raym. They ſcarce have meaſur'd half the precincts
Send forth my knights, we will purſue them. (yet,
Grey. No: one way there is, and only one, but hence
I hear the counteſs—She loves lord William well;
And much, much will a pious mother ſure,
To ſave an only ſon. [*Exeunt ambo.*]
Enter Lady SALISBURY and ELEANOR.
Lady *Sal.* In ſpite of this event, this bleſt event,
That hath reſtor'd the lord of this fond boſom,
Yet is my mind with doubts and fears diſturb'd;
With images and wild conceits, of form
Unſightly; ſuch as hover oft in dreams
About the curtains of the ſick—Alas!
Whilſt others joy within the friendly roof,
Of night regardleſs and the ſtorm that beats
Without, he ſtruggles hard; or hies at beſt
To the dark ſhelter of the dripping wood.
Beſides what unknown perils may aſſail him,
Unaided thus againſt whatever ill—
Wou'd he had waited the return of morn,

Elea.

Elea. The night is dark indeed, the tempeſt high;
But hear me lady, hear a pious leſſon,
Which thy own lips to me have oft repeated:
There is a Power unſeen, whoſe charge it is,
With ever wakeful eye to watch the good;
And peaceful ever is the breaſt, which truſts
In his angelic guard—The hand
Of Heaven that hitherto has been his ſhield,
Will miniſter ſafe convoy to his ſteps,
Tho' night and darkneſs ſhed their thickeſt gloom.

Lady *Sal.* Miſdeem not of my fears; or think I ſpeak,
As over diffident of that ſame power
Thou nam'ſt, whoſe all ſurveying eye wakes ever;
Clear, unobſtructed, either when the ſun
Shrowds in night's ſhadowy veil, or when at noon
He ſhines reveal'd on his meridian throne.
But where's the boſom throbs not, if it hope?
Hope ever is attended with a train
Of wakeful doubts; and where the ſweet nymph harbours
There flutters alſo her pale ſiſter Fear—
But hence, as was our purpoſe, to the ſhrine;
Where, as is meet, for my dear lord reſtor'd
I will with grateful adoration——

Enter Lord WILLIAM.

Lord *Will.* Mother—I fain would know that ſtranger who he is that juſt now met me.

Lady *Sal.* And wherefore would'ſt thou know him, love?

Lord *Will.* Gentle he was, and mild, not like thoſe grimfac'd ones I ſee here every day: and ſuch kind things he did, as make me love him dearly.

Lady *Sal.* Say, what were they?

Lord *Will.* He kiſs'd me, ſtroak'd my head, and patted me upon the cheek, and ſaid——

Lady *Sal.* What ſaid he, ſweet?

Lord *Will.* He ſaid—Heaven bleſs thy beauteous head, ſweet boy!

Enter

Enter GREY.

Grey. Permit me, honour'd dame, I have a word
Or two, that claims thine ear.
Lady *Sal*. Then but a word;
My present cares ill brook long interruption.
Grey. Behold the blossom of the spring, how fair!
Yet in his velvet bosom lurks the worm,
And hourly wastes him of his choicest sweets;
Not less a foe is slow-consuming grief
To beauty—
You may remember when we last confer'd
The gracious purport of your words to what
Concern'd lord Raymond, when you taught his suit
To hope a prosperous issue; thus by me he speaks:
In the recesses of the hollow'd shrine,
Where with him stands the sable-vested priest,
He waits thy coming; there with pious vows
Exchang'd even now to consecrate thee his.
May every rose-lip'd son of light look down,
And smile propitious on the joyful hour!
Lady *Sal*. Is this a season meet for such a theme?
Grey. For gracious acts all seasons should be meet;
Heaven shews the bright Example ever prompt;
T' incline when virtue lifts her suppliant eye.
But say, that for the present he forbore
His earnest suit, say, shall tomorrow make
Him happy? or tomorrow's night perchance;
Or—What shall be the bright succeeding day?
Lady *Sal*. I know not: nor will I submit me or
To promis'd league or tye; no, tho' thou shouldst plead
Even with an angel's tongue.
Grey. You will not, Lady!
Know then—this night, this hour must make thee his.
Lady *Sal*. This night! this hour! who'll make me his this hour!
Grey. A power my lady, thou shalt learn to fear:
Force, force superior, that with giant hand
Plucks even the monarch from his throne; disrobes

The

The virgin of her honour, while diſtreſs
With ſtreaming eyes and looſe diſhevel'd hair
Holds forth her ſupplicating hands in vain.

Lady *Sal.* I know the monſter thou wou'dſt fright me with,
But I deſpiſe his power—Haſt thou ne'er heard?
Learn then of me a truth, a golden truth,
Grav'd on the regiſter of hoary time:
Virtue, with her own native ſtrength upheld,
Can brave the ſhock of ruffian force unmov'd
As is the rock, whoſe firm-ſet baſe not all
The tumult of the weſtern ſurge can ſhake,
Tho' the fierce winds uplift him to the ſtars.

Grey. This is a truth indeed may hold a place
On fancy's tinſel page, what will avail
Thy virtue's boaſted powers when thou ſhalt ſee
Torn from thy feeble arms all thou hold'ſt dear?
Yes, lady, thy lord William, thy lov'd ſon.

Lady *Sal.* Ha! ſave him Heaven!—He dare not ſure—and yet—

Grey, Think, lady, think upon thy ſon.

Lady *Sal.* Protect
Him, O ye powers celeſtial, angels watch
His ſteps, and hover round his harmleſs head!

Grey. Say, will you to the altar, lady?

Lady *Sal.* Sooner to my grave.

Grey. Thy obſtinacy on his head—who waits?

Enter a RUFFIAN.

Lady *Sal.* What would'ſt thou here? Hence, execrable wretch!
Thou mak'ſt my blood run cold.

Lord *Will.* Oh mother! I am frighten'd.

Lady *Sal.* Deareſt lamb!
Haſt thou no terrors for thyſelf?—Oh Saliſbury!—
Haſt thou no fears?—Oh! I cou'd tell thee what
Like thunder wou'd appal thy hearing, ſhrink
Up every nerve within thy blaſted frame,
And make thee nothing—Fear not, love.

Grey.

Grey. Think not
With empty ſounds to ſhake our purpoſe, ſay,
Will you comply?
Lady *Sal.* My little innocent!
Thou dar'ſt not, fell as is thy nature—my love!
My life!
Grey. Convey lord William hence.
Lord *Will.* Oh! ſave me, mother, ſave me.
Lady *Sal.* Forbear your impious hands, forbear.
Grey. Or to the altar, or by all therein
I ſwear, this moment wreſts him from thy view.
Lady *Sal.* Inhuman that thou art! can nothing move
Thee?—Oh! thoſe little harmleſs looks wou'd preach
Even to the hungry lion, make him pauſe,
And turn his rage to pity.
Grey. Nay, madam—
Lady *Sal.* Forbear, and I will go,—whither?
Diſtraction! I will rouſe
The caſtle—help—my cries ſhall tear the roofs.
Help, help, Oh help!—the mother and the ſon.
Grey. Your cries are vain—

Enter Lord SALISBURY.

Lord *Sal.* Hold!—what is't ye do?
Grey. He here again! [wrong'd thee?
Lord *Sal.* Speak, lady, would theſe men have
Pale fear is on thy cheek—
[Eleanor *removes lord* William. *Exit* Grey *and* Ruffian.]
Lady *Sal.* Cold horror hath o'ercome me.
Lord *Sal.* Ever lov'd!
Sure thou were ſore diſtreſs'd, I heard thee cry.
Lady *Sal.* Ah ſore diſtreſs'd indeed! the hand of peril
Was on me; violence and murder ſtar'd
Me full in all their hideous forms! [new-wak'd
Lord *Sal.* Gracious powers! my fear, my fear,
For thee it was, as Heaven decreed, that urg'd
Me back, and brought me to thy timely reſcue.
Lady *Sal.* 'Twas Heaven indeed that brought thee
hither now!

Yet

Yet I have wonderous fears: thou art but one
Surrounded by a legion of those fiends.

Enter RAYMOND, GREY and armed KNIGHTS.

Raym. Where is the audacious man that hath presum'd
To question with such bold intrusion?
Lord *Sal.* If him you mean
Who took the part of feeble innocence
Against the Ruffian's arm,—he's here.
Raym. Which of you, slaves, have suffer'd him to enter?
Knight. My lord, he bade us to unbar the gates,
Driven by the tempest, as he said, to seek
The proffer'd shelter he had late declin'd:
Pardon, if deeming him your honour'd guest,
We answer'd him with prompt compliance.
Raym. Say what dark purpose is't that brought thee hither?
Confess thee true, or by the blessed Saints
Thou shalt have cause to mourn the hour which mov'd
Thee, daring as thou art, t' approach our castle.
Lord *Sal.* To other regions, other climes with threats
Like these, where proud oppression lords it: here
The free-born subject knows not what it is
To be in awe of arbitrary power.
Raym. I will know what thou art.
Lord *Sal.* Even what thou seest
Am I; a man not prompt to offer wrong,
Yet of that frame, I brook not to behold
A noble lady made the prey of ruffians.
Raym. Intruder bold as thou art officious! wherefore
Should'st thou concern thee in this lady's cause?
Lord *Sal.* The cause of innocence should be the cause
Of all—Confess thee, lord, was't nobly done,
To let those bold, those rude assailants loose,
And give a sanction to such foul proceedings?
Raym. Pilgrim, hast thou forgot thee? who am I?
Lord *Sal.* Who art thou! Ask, ask thy deeds,
And they will answer. The breath of fame hath told
How

How base they have been; they are gone abroad,
And the pure air is tainted with their foulness.

Raym. Presuming slave! whoe'er thou art, for thy
Unlicenc'd bearing dearly shalt thou answer.
Hence with the bold defamer; bind him fast;
Be instant death his lot should he resist—
Seize him, I say.

Lady *Sal.* Oh spare him, spare—

Lord *Sal.* Out servile ministers!
Ye know not who it is ye wou'd attempt—
Oppressive lord! whom nor the sacred bond
Of justice, nor of hospitality
Controuls, regard me: while with sight
More dire than e'er of Gorgon feign'd, I strike thee—
Now, Raymond, if thou hast of noble fire
One spark within thee, draw thy sword; come on,
And meet my arm; wake all that's man within thee.
Come on——
'Tis Salisbury, Salisbury, calls thee to the strife.
[*Flings off his disguise.*]

Lady *Sal.* Heaven shield my dearest lord!

Raym. ——Salisbury! then what am I?— [out,

Lord *Sal.* Vengeance at length is arm'd; thy fate cries
And honour, injur'd honour claims aloud
Her victim.

Raym. —Secure thou seem'st of fate, but fall who will
A victim, let the sword— [*Drawing.*]

Grey. What would you do?—
[*Aside. Holding his arm.*]
Look not to know him, all may yet be well—
Be not abus'd, my lord: this is a plot,
Devis'd with purpose to effect thy ruin.

Lord *Sal.* Ha! what dost say? [Salisbury!

Grey. Believe him not, my lord. He! he lord
'Tis all a trick, an artful cheat, and he
A lyar trac'd—

Lord *Sal.* Nay then my sword—
—Dishonest knights!
[*Going to attack* Raymond, *he is disarm'd.*]

Lady

Lady *Sal.* Now by these tears do him no violence;
He is, he is my husband.

Grey. Regard her not:
He hath conspir'd against thee, and demands
The hand of justice. [send

Lord *Sal.* Will ye not ope ye heavens, and instant
Your thunder to my aid?—Unhand me villains,
Or, by the powers of vengeance, I will dash
You piecemeal.

Raym. Bear the traitor hence, and bind
His stubborn arms: bestow the Lady safe
Within her chamber. [hands—

Lady *Sal.* I will not part my husband—Hold your
They overpower me—Barbarous, barbarous men!

Lord *Sal.* Ruffians forbear your more than impious hands. [eyes

Lady *Sal.* Yet hear me, Raymond—by these streaming
Oh! hear me yet—

Raym. Away—

Lord *Sal.* Slaves! murderers!

[*They are forc'd off severally.*]

Raym. Away with him, away—honour is lost,
And shame must henceforth be my only portion.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT IV.

Enter RAYMOND and GREY.

Grey. MY lord, you waste the precious hours in cold
Irresolute delays: nor circumstance
Nor time admit of long deliberation.

Raym. ——Would I had never seen this fatal mansion!

Grey. A sorry wish, my lord. Behold the fierce,
The lordly ranger of the desert wild;
No sluggish fears he knows; he pauses not,
Nor looks behind, but onwards speeds him till

He

He grips the trembling prey: be ever thus
The youth, whom thirſt of love and beauty fires.

Raym.—Away; call forth my train—nay murmur not:
Command that ere the lark proclaim the morn
They hold them each prepar'd. Here I will reſt,
If reſt I can, this night; to-morrow's ſun
Shall ſee me fled for ever from theſe walls.

Grey.——Go——I detain thee not.
Summon thy train, mount the ſwift ſteed, away;
The gates ſhall open to thy flight—but know,
That ſhame and ſcorn ſhall follow at thy heels.
Yet worſe; the inſulted baron next purſues thee:
Nor rocks, nor mountains, nor oppoſing ſeas
Shall ſtay him, but with more than mortal rage
He ſhall aſſail thee.

Raym. ———Are there no other means?

Grey. None.

Raym. No other way but murder? Horrid thought!
Oh Grey, if e'er the dagger's drawn I feel
Such perturbation here, what then, oh what
Shall prove my portion when 'tis ſteep'd in blood?
The drops can from the point be wip'd away,
But never from the mind.

Grey. Lift, lift thine eye,
And let it gaze upon the bright reward.
Riches and honours grace the ſwelling act,
While beauty, like the ruby-crowned morn,
When firſt ſhe peeps upon the mountain top,
Comes ſmiling on to meet you——Theſe are the objects,
My lord, would irritate the palſied arm
Itſelf of fear; excite the lagging blood,
And ſpur it on to acts of noble daring.

Raym. What wou'd you do? Think—Saliſbury is a [name
Of all be|ov'd, of more than vulgar ſway
Throughout the land; a deed unauthoris'd
As this ſhall never 'ſcape the arm of juſtice.

Grey. Such wary counſels ſhall our ſteps o'er-rule
As may deride ſuſpicion——One there is,
A knight among thy vaſſal train perhaps
Unnoted: ſoft of ſpeech he is, and fair;

But

But of a heart that mocks at human feelings:
Him I have sounded with reserve, and find
Him not unapt to this our secret purpose——
But say, what recompence, what high reward
Awaits the man, whose arm for thee enacts
Such signal service?

Raym. Half my fortunes, all
Would I on him bestow, whose prosperous arts
Shou'd make the fair one mine.

Grey. She shall be thine.

Raym. But say, my friend, what tale, what rare device
Shou'd fruitful art explore that might amuse
Her just suspicions?

Grey. Innocence, the mask
Of innocence, and counterfeited sorrow——

Enter ELEANOR.

Elea. If beauty in distress, if dignity
Now sinking into ruin can assail
Thy pity, come, oh! come, and weep to see——

Grey. The countess, I suppose.

Elea. My lord, my lord,
'Twould melt the savage into human softness,
And make him howl forth pity to behold her——
Did you behold her, pale, disorder'd as
She runs, now calling wildly on her lord,
Again upon her son, again on thee.
Sometimes, alas! she beats her beauteous bosom;
Anon in frantic mood tears from her head
The silken hairs, which fall in heaps unheeded;
Wrings her white hands, and weeps and raves by turns,
Till nature spent and wearied gives her pause.

Raym. Away——we will speak comfort to her sorrows. [*Exit* Eleanor.]
——Wretch that I am!——But I will yield them up;
Son, husband, all I will resign, if so
I may appease her phrenzy.

[*Going, is detain'd by* Grey.]

Grey. Be not rash.
Short is the date of every stronger passion;
Unstay'd the mind of woman; by a breath

Oft

Oft agitated, by a breath compos'd———
Yield them, my lord! it would be madness, ruin.
Raym. Which ever way I turn, it is destruction.
Grey. O'ercast with fear, thine eye takes nothing in
But fancies of the ficklest hue———For shame,
Rouse, rouse, my noble lord; awake, shake off
This weakness. Pleasure must be woo'd with toil.
Go to her, solace her; if that shou'd fail,
Permit her as by stealth to visit Salisbury;
At sight of him this tumult shall subside.
Raym. With love and pity I am torn. In vain
I strive; too far I am advanc'd in error.
Oh! will no hand disclose a path whereby
I may return?———Accurs'd be thou, myself;
And doubly be accurs'd that fatal hour
I turn'd mine ear to thy destructive counsels.
[*Goes out in great agitation.*]
Grey alone. ———my hopes begin to totter.
If he resign them, Salisbury is appeas'd,
And he retires: what then becomes of Grey?
On me, on me of course the tempest falls.
That must not be——He goes to see her now——
Who knows what new-sprung hope may follow thence?
There is a charm in soft distress, that works
Upon the soul like magic; causing love
Oft times, as oft exciting loose desire———
It is most apt. I will, before he goes
To her, explore each access to his heart;
Attack each avenue that leads to virtue;
Try every mining art that may assist
The loose contagion: Shou'd he seize her beauties,
Farewel remorse; then dies the injur'd husband.
[*Exit.*

Scene opening, discovers lord SALISBURY on the ground, in chains.

Enter LEROCHES.

Ler. Alas on the cold ground. I fear his wrongs
Have made him mad; I heard him rage——My lord—
Rise,

Rise, rise, my lord, and speak to thy Leroches.
Lord *Sal.* ———Thou art unkind.
Ler. Oh! wou'd to Heaven that I cou'd ease thy troubles!
Lord *Sal.* I had in sweet oblivion lost myself
And every care; why hast thou call'd me back
To hated recollection?————O my wrongs!
My wrongs! they now come rushing o'er my head—
Again, again, they wake me into madness.
Ler. Thy wrongs shall be reveng'd.
Lord *Sal.* Torn from them both!
————Let me not think.
Ler. Think on our friends, my lord!
Perhaps even now they are at hand; and soon
Will thunder at the castle gates.
Lord *Sal.* Is't possible?
Or do my eyes but false persuade me to it?———
In trammels! and in my walls! beneath
That roof whereof I am sole-invested lord!———
Ler. Look, behold.
Lord *Sal.* I see; thou art dishonour'd.
Ler. 'Tis the will
Of Heaven, and I submit me to my fortunes.
Lord *Sal.* How cam'st thou hither?
Ler. By command, as I
Suppose of————but I will not name him.
Lord *Sal.* Blasts
Upon him!———Didst thou see my wife?
Ler. No, my lord.
Lord *Sal.* Nor my son?
Ler. My lord I saw not either.
Lord *Sal.* Nor of either heard?
Ler. No my good lord, I trust that they are safe.
Lord *Sal.* Hear me, sweet Heaven! ye throned powers above,
Dread arbiters of mortal things, hear————
Dry not instant up the springs of life,
But grant me measure of revenge. Unbind,
For pity these dishonour'd limbs unbind,
And give this monster to my willing arm:

It

If I not firmly gripe, if I not tear
With more than ſavage force his hated form

Enter a KNIGHT.

Traitor!
What haſt thou done? Bring forth my honour'd dame—
Haſte, bring her inſtant; give her to my arms,
Uninjur'd, undefiled, or by the ſouls
Of the moſt holy and unſpotted ſaints———
Spare me, good Heaven——I am, I am to blame—
Imports thy coming aught with me?
Knight. Behold
In me thy better angel, come to warn
Thee of unguarded danger—Oh my lord!
My lord! beware of horrid treachery———
Whatever knight thou not'ſt, that traitor like
Approacheth thee with ſmiles; that with the charm
Of honey'd ſpeech would practiſe on thy hearing,
Of him beware—They ſeek thy ruin; chance
Betray'd their purpoſe; I was touch'd with pity.
[*Going.*
Lord *Sal.* Nay, go not yet.
Knight. Suſpicion's on the watch;
My thoughts are ſcarce my own.
Lord *Sal.* It is for guilt,
Not conſcious honeſty to taſte of fear.
Knight. Know then, my lord, tho' ſtrict neceſſity
Enrolls me in the liſt of Raymond's train,
Yet doth my ſoul abhor the unhallow'd ſervice.
Lord *Sal.* Be thou but faithful, and diſcover all
Thou know'ſt, ſo ſhalt thou thrive in Saliſbury's favour.
Knight. Fear not my faith. But ſhall Lord Saliſbury
A friend indeed? for I ſhall need thy arm [prove
And intereſt both againſt ſo great a foe.
Lord *Sal.* Now by my honour, ever yet held dear,
I will protect thee 'gainſt whatever foe.
Knight. Morton deſires but this—Know then, that late
As by the weſtern porch I ſtood, my ear
Was met by certain voices: ſtrait I turn'd;
And thro' the crevice of th' adjoining door
Was known that ſame inſidious knight and Grey,

In

In low, but earneſt converſe. Thee they nam'd:
And I cou'd hear the latter, whilſt he ſaid,
" A dagger is the beſt. With honeſt ſmiles,
" And fair inſtructed ſpeech you muſt eſſay him.
" Thy peace and fortunes on this fate depend."

Lord *Sal.* I thank thee for this warning; and ere long
Shall recompenſe thy love.

Mor. Had I the power
To ſerve thee, as the will, thou ſhould'ſt not wear
Thoſe marks of ſhame—But oh! the unhappy counteſs!

Lord *Sal.* What, what of her?

Mor. Alas! to think the pangs
She feels this moment, torn as ſhe hath been
By rude Barbarians from her lord and ſon.

Lord *Sal.* But is ſhe ſafe? hath not diſhonour reach'd her?

Mor. Oh may ſhe never know diſhonour;——Yet
Lord Raymond——

Lord *Sal.* Periſh the deteſted name
For ever: for it makes my blood outcourſe
The wholeſome ſpeed of nature.

Mor. It is true,
He holds her in his power——

Lord *Sal.* He does, he does;
And I do live to know it.

Mor. But I truſt
He will not uſe that power——Farewel, my lord;
I will away, and gather all I can
Of their condition.

Lord *Sal.* Thou ſhalt win my love.
See, ſee my wife, oh! ſee her if thou canſt:
Speak comfort to her. Say the only pangs I feel
Are for her ſafety. Bid her hope for timely aid:
But to remember ſtill the virtuous mind
Will welcome death itſelf before diſhonour.

Mor. To ſee her, is a taſk I fear will foil
My utmoſt; but no art ſhall be untried.

[*Exit* Morton.

Lord *Sal.* Is there no way to freedom!——Oh my friends!
My friends! Haſte, Ardolf, haſte to my revenge.

Ler.

Ler. Thy fierce impatience, thy untoward will
It is, my lord, that hath betray'd our ſafeties.
To Ardolf deaf, thou would'ſt not wait his ſuccours:
Deaf too to me, thou would'ſt approach the caſtle.

Lord *Sal.* Fear not: this ſtranger, like Heav'n's brighter ſtar,
Hath riſen propitious—Heav'ns! but what of that?
My wife!——— perhaps even now within the gripe
Of fell incontinence ſhe ſtruggles———Beware
That thought———down, down, or I ſhall rage to madneſs.

Ler. My lord, he wou'd not———

Lord *Sal.* Hark!———

Ler. He wou'd not, dare not ſure: or if he dare,
Her inborn dignity, her virtue———

Lord *Sal.* Peace!———

Lady *Sal.* Hold off your brutal hands! [*from without.*

Lord *Sal.* 'Tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe!
The ſlave aſſails her———Let me forth———
Slaves! murderers! inſtant let me forth, or I———

Lady *Sal.* Haſt thou no touch of pity?

Lord *Sal.* Horror! horror!
Out hair! out by the roots! nor let a grain
Be left to tell there grew ſuch honours there.

Lady *Sal.* O my lord! my lord!———

Lord *Sal.* By Heav'n, I will not be reſtrain'd——
[Lero. *ſtrives to ſlay him.*
Nor all your bolts, nor barriers, all the pow'rs
Of hell united ſhall withhold me from her—— [*Exit.*

Ler. Preſerve him, Heaven! I fear
Some act of horrid impor———Oh! ſhe comes!
Wild, wild as the rough ocean vex'd with ſtorms.

Enter Lady SALISBURY, ELEANOR, MORTON.

Lady *Sal.* I will have vengeance. Such an outrage—
I will not weep. They think I have no means:
No,
'Tis falſe: I will reſume a ſpirit.

Ele-

Ele. Alas! alas!

Lady *Sal.* I had a ſon; ſweet William! thou haſt heard
Him prattle: there was muſic in his tongue.

Ele. Can Heav'n behold ſuch crimes, and not awake
It's thunders?

Lady *Sal.* Weep'ſt thou? I can weep myſelf;
I have ſome cauſe——He is my huſband, who
Will part us?——Cold, cold, cold. The rains beat ſore,
And the winds make a noiſe; 'tis a rough night;
No little ſtar to guide his darkling ſteps——
The Heav'ns do rain down pity for me.

Ele. Rave
Not thus, dear lady: oh! be comforted.

Lady *Sal.* Yes, yes; I know: theſe trifles have dis-
The bird is rifl'd. [turb'd me.
Poor flutterer! oh! it was nought to ſpoil
Her of her little hope——Did'ſt thou not ſee
Her valiant mate, how fierce he ſhook his plumes,
And peck'd at them? Did he not?—He had ſav'd
His miſtreſs from the ſpoilers, but they ſnar'd him.

Lord SALISBURY *entering.*

Where is the ſlave? I will not brook delay.

Lady *Sal.* He's come! he's come——Now, ruffians, I have found
Him, we will die together e're you part us.

Lord *Sal.* Hell! what are your blackeſt horrors to this?

Lady *Sal.* We will have juſtice—Bury Grey alive.

Lord *Sal.* She's loſt!

Lady *Sal.* Say you!—Put Raymond to the torture.

Lord *Sal.* I will tear him joint by joint.

Lady *Sal.* But they will part us——
They come——You ſhall not——no; no pow'r on earth
Shall force me——Now they pull——Hold, hold, my lo[illegible]——
Yet cloſer——now, now, now.

Lord *Sal.* My wife, my Ela!
Loſt as thou art, oh! do not leave me.

Mor. Diſtreſsful ſight!——Oh moſt inhuman Grey!

Ele.

Ele. Nature, my lord, unequal to the conflict,
Has for a ſpace retir'd within herſelf;
But ſhortly to return. This interval
Of death-like quiet will, I truſt, recal
Her ſafer ſenſes——She revives.
Lady *Sal.* But this is ſtrange——
Ele. My lord,
Speak to her; ſooth her, and ſhe will be calm.
Lord *Sal.* Speak to her, ſooth her——what have I with her? with thee?
O agonizing hour! Had I but periſh'd
In the ſame wave that buried my lov'd friends,
It had been well——'Twas cruelty to ſave me.
Lady *Sal.* Am I indeed awake?——Let me ſtand up——
What is the matter?
Lord *Sal.* My poor, injur'd wife!
Lady *Sal.* Nay, but inform me, I am over doubtful;
I would believe, I know——if what I now
Behold, be not a dream, you are my huſband.
Lord *Sal.* The wretch that was ſo call'd.
Lady *Sal.* Alack! alack!
Sure I have been afflicted ſore——My lord!
My life!——why doſt thou ſtart from me?——Oh take
Me to thy arms! for I have need of comfort.
Lord *Sal.* Art thou undone?
Lady *Sal.* Indeed I have wept.
Lord *Sal.* Loſt, ſtain'd, diſhonour'd by a villain;
Lady *Sal.* How,
My lord! Think'ſt thou that I have other wrongs
To weep than thou haſt ſeen?
Lord *Sal.* I heard thee cry.
Lady *Sal.* I know not what I did——Diſhonour'd!——O!
The thought wakes every pulſe to indignation.
Lord *Sal.* What! did he not aſſail thee?
Lady *Sal.* No——Aſſail me;
Lord *Sal.* Then art thou ſafe, thy honour unaſſay'd?
Lady *Sal.* So witneſs Heaven!

Lord *Sal.* The God of Heaven be prais'd!
Lady *Sal.*——And cou'd'ſt thou think ſo meanly of me!——Oh!
I had let the life-blood from this boſom forth
Ere I had brook'd diſhonour.
Lord *Sal.* Beſt of thy ſex——Thy cries like daggers pierc'd me;
And fearful fancy pictur'd ſuch a ſcene
As hurried me to madneſs——But thou art ſafe,
My wife is ſafe! and I am bleſt again.
Lady *Sal.* My heart o'erjoys——Yet wherefore do I fear?
Lord *Sal.* I had forgot——my ſon; for him thou fear'ſt.
Lady *Sal.* Not only for my ſon, but for thyſelf,
Thy precious ſelf I tremble——Oh this fiend!
The ſlaves and agents of deſtruction, black
And bold, are ſtation'd round him, and but wait
Their maſter's nod.
Ler. Wou'd we were ſafe beſtow'd
Without this fearful priſon!
Lady *Sal.* Wou'd we were!——
Think, think, my lord, is there no way to flight?
Lord *Sal.* Thou haſt recall'd to my remembrance
If ſeconded by this our plighted friend, [what,
May claim a ſerious and attentive hearing.
Mor. Small is the ſervice I can boaſt, my lord;
In all my beſt I ſhall be prompt to aid you.
Lord *Sal.* Hear then——Deep underneath this vaulted ground,
Curious and cloſe, by our forefathers ſcoop'd,
I do remember me there is a dark,
And ſecret mine, which leads by many a maze
Without the caſtle. Not far thence there ſtands
Within the boſom of an aged grove,
An houſe for pious uſes ſet apart,
The hallow'd ſeat of godly brethren: there
I fear not we ſhall reſt ſecure of ill.
Lady *Sal.* Moſt opportune, as could our wiſhes frame——

But

But oh! our little hope! our younger care!
Mor. My life ſhall anſwer for lord William's ſafety.
Lady *Sal.* Then let us forth.
Mor. The night is over young;
The caſtle's yet awake, and wou'd but mock
The attempt.
Lord *Sal.* Say, what ſhall be the appointed hour?
Mor. Some three hours hence, my lord; or ere the clock
Perchance have told the ſecond watch——And now
That ſquint ſuſpicion mar not, let us part.
Lady *Sal.* Then muſt we part?——But 'tis to ſave us all.
Three hours——farewel!——Oh! they will be three long
Long hours to me.
Lord *Sal.* Farewel my beſt!——Mean time
Leroches, we will reſt us here apart——Farewel,
Farewel! thou ſoother ſweet of every care!
The god, that loves the unſullied mind, deſcend,
And be thy guardian till we meet again.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V.

SCENE a Foreſt, and cottage.

Enter ARDOLF and a Knight.

Ard. THE ſtorm is laid; and from the parting clouds
See where the moon ſteps forth, pale goddeſs,
Chearing the dark dull brow of haggard night——
This is the foreſt, that the cottager's,
Or I do err, th' appointed place of meeting.
Knight. It is: behold the rock, as was deſcribed,
The torrent foaming down his rugged ſide.
Ard. See, the bright harbinger of morning climbs
The ſteep of Heaven: they're in the firſt repoſe—

Wake, peasant, wake—How balmy sweet the sleep
Of him, who stretches under rustic roof!
His task of labour o'er, content he lays
Him on his rushy couch; nor elves, nor goblins,
The coinage of swol'n surfeit or of guilt,
Approach his peaceful pillow—Wake, I say;
Peasant, awake.

Enter a PEASANT from the cottage.

Peas. Who calls?
What is your business, that at this late hour
You make the forest echo with your cries?
Ard. Peasant, are there not certain travellers
Within thy cottage?
Peas. No.
Ard. What! saw you not
Two stranger pilgrims pass this way?
Peas. I did.
Two such arrived e're the lark had risen
From her moss cabin, or the cock
Gave note of morn.
Ard. Say, gentle cottager,
Where may they now be lodg'd?
Peas. Nay, stranger, that
I know not. They went hence about the time
The bat begins her twilight play.
Ard. 'Tis strange
They shou'd depart—Left they no message?
Peas. None.
They said, they wish'd to see the neighbouring abbey;
But wou'd to night partake our homely fare.
[*Returns into the cottage.*
Ard. We now are in the precincts of the castle;
But whether to proceed, or wait, perchance
If they return, I know not—Hark! some one
Approaches—who is there?

Enter LEROCHES.

Leroches!
Ler. Happily met—where are your friends?

Ard.

Ard. At hand; and well appointed each—where is my Lord?

Ler. In chains; in his own caſtle baſely bound;
Torn from his wife and ſon—How I eſcap'd—
But haſte; time is too precious now for more:
His life hangs upon each eventful moment.

Ard. In chains; his life in danger!—Ho! my friends!
To horſe, quick; we will reſcue him, or periſh.

Ler. Ardolf, purſue the eaſtern cauſeway you;
I with a choſen few will trace the path,
Which led me from the poſtern.

Ard. Wiſely caution'd:
Divided thus, we wage an eaſier war. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE within the Caſtle.

Enter GREY and MORTON.

Grey. My truſty Morton! well haſt thou repaid
The nicer hope which I repos'd in thee.
—Their unprovided reſt out-run my wiſhes.

Mort. Fools! not to ſee thro' my hypocriſy:
That in the borrow'd guiſe of honeſt friendſhip,
I ſtudied but to lure them to my toils—
Conceal'd from upper light, it yields a ſafe
Retreat: through that they purpos'd their eſcape.

Grey. Within the ſecret womb of that ſame vault,
When all the caſtle's huſh'd, their bleeding trunks
We will depoſit.

Mort. Yes—we will be bloody.

Grey. Here is the weapon—Be firm, and proſper.
[Morton *receives a dagger and goes out.*
—Thou too, unthinking fool, muſt this hour bleed—
Wou'd it were over—they may chance to wake—
Thou Sleep! ſtill child of ſable-hooded Night,
Befriend us. From thy dark Lethean cell
Upconjure all thy ſtore of drowſy charms;
Lock faſt their lids, o'erpower each torpid ſenſe,
That they awake not e're the deed be done——

[*Pulls bells,*

—The ſecond watch; and like death's curfew, deep
And diſmal verberates the ſolemn knell.

Enter a KNIGHT.

Knight. A ſtranger, ſir, who calls him Oſwald, waits
Without the caſtle, and wou'd ſpeak with you.
Grey. Oſwald! He is our friend.
Knight. I have not learn'd
His errand, but as it wou'd ſeem, he comes
With news that much imports thy preſent hearing.
Grey. I'll ſpeak with him anon.
Knight. I know not what
Their purpoſe, but even now, as on the tower
I ſtood, which high o'erlooks the eaſtern cauſeway,
Methought I heard the diſtant ſound of horſe,
As hither bent in full career.
Grey. The ſound
Of horſe!—Look out; call up our knights; away.
[*Exit* KNIGHT.
—What can delay him?—Should my preſent hopes
Miſcarry, I will bear the lady hence,
And make her hoſtage for my ſafety; nay,
Perchance, what I have ſome incentives to,
Supplant them both, the lover and the huſband—
He comes!

Re-enter MORTON.

Mort. Oh! that the earth would yawn and cover me!
Or that Heaven's quick devouring fires had ſhrunk
And wither'd up this arm when it was rais'd—
Eyes; eyes! why clos'd you not e're you beheld
The ghaſtly ruin?
Grey. Speak direct; are they diſpos'd?
Mort. Away—thou haſt deſtroy'd my peace for ever—
Had you beheld him as he lay, ſtruggling
In the cold gripe of death; his cheek o'erſpread
With livid pale; thoſe eyes, that late ſhot forth
So radiant, now quite ſunk; their burning lamps
Extinct; while from the deep-mouth'd wound,
As from a copious fountain, iſſued forth

Life's

Life's purple ſprings—
I wou'd have fled, but horror for a ſpace
Suſpended every power.
Grey. 'Tis well—
Haſt thou then ſlain lord Saliſbury?
At thy own peril be it—Help! he has ſlain
The innocent!
They're murder'd, foully murder'd by a ſlave. [*Exit.*
Mort. The earth has teem'd with prodigies, this ſure
Out-monſters all.

Enter RAYMOND, haſtily, with a ſword in his hand.

Raym. On what purpoſe art thou here?
Mort. Lord Raymond cannot be a ſtranger ſure.
Raym. A dagger!—what haſt thou done?
Mort. Did not my lord approve the deed?
Raym. What deed?
Mort. How's this?—My lord,
I had your ſanction ratified by Grey,
With promiſe of high recompence the hour
When Saliſbury ſhou'd expire.
Raym. Accurs'd be he that told thee ſo, and thou
That gav'ſt him credit!
Mort. This is ſtrange!
Raym. Approve!
I did not; by the pow'rs of Truth I did not—
Remorſeleſs villain!—Where, where ſhall I hide
Me? whither ſhall I fly?—Oh deed of horror!—
Thy blood, deteſted hireling, ſhall in part
Compenſate—
Mort. Hold—He cannot ſure diſſemble—
Wiſh you, my lord, this deed were yet undone?
Raym. What wou'd the monſter?—Oh! could I recall
His life by killing twenty thouſand ſlaves
Like thee, it were a comfort.
Mort. I believe
That you are innocent; know then, my lord—
He lives—he ſleeps; and ſleeps ſecure of harm.
Raym. Take heed thou doſt not trifle.
Mort. I will confeſs

Me

Me true, and Heaven forgive my foul intent!
I undertook to ſlay this innocent;
Approach'd him as a friend—I ſaw his ſufferings;
Saw his diſtracted wife: at length I curs'd,
And in my heart abjur'd the wicked purpoſe.

Raym. Had'ſt thou the goodneſs? Then perhaps—

Mort. I thought
Haply that you yourſelf might ſoon relent.
This inſtrument of purpos'd cruelty,
I took; and with a fair-deviſed tale
Of Saliſbury's death, amus'd the guilty wretch
That would enſnare your quiet.

Raym. Is this honeſt?

Mort. Approach, my lord, approach, and let your eye
Be witneſs of my truth—In doing thus,
I thought I ſhould be deem'd lord Raymond's friend.

Raym. Thou wert the beſt of friends!—Retire thou now— [*Exit* Morton.
One way there yet remains to reconcile
This double war, and heal my tortur'd boſom—
Thou, that ſo ſoundly ſleep'ſt, unguarded thus [*going towards the ſide ſcene.*
Againſt whatever ill that may approach thee,
Awake! rouſe from the bed of liſtleſs ſleep,
And ſee who comes to greet thee.

Enter Lord SALISBURY.

Lord *Sal.* ——Do I dream?
Or am I in the regions of the unbleſt,
Beſet with monſters?—Tho' thou art a fiend,
I will attempt thee.

Raym. Ruſh not on my weapon.
I have ſought thee on a cauſe which honour loves,
And wou'd not have thee mar my ſoul's fair purpoſe.

Lord *Sal.* Inglorious! baſe! O ſhame to manhood!—
Dearly
Shalt thou atone the accumulated wrongs
That I do bleed withal. Nor ſea, nor earth,
Tho' thou ſhould'ſt traverſe her remoteſt climes,
Shall ſhelter thee from my determin'd fury.

Raym. Think not that I ſhall fly thee; or that I

Have ſought thee now, but on ſuch terms as even
May challenge thy applauſe. I come a foe
Indeed, but I do come a generous foe.

Lord *Sal.* A generous foe!—The brave indeed aſpire
To generous acts; their every thought looks up,
And honour's dictates are their only function:
But thou!—what terms wou'd'ſt thou propoſe? What act
Of that eſſential virtue, that may raze
The ignoble ſtains wherewith thou art polluted?

Raym. The ignoble, and the brave alike have err'd;
And he, that re-aſcends to virtue's height,
Does often ſnatch a wreath, which never bloom'd
On ſafer wiſdom's brow—Firſt let me looſe
Thoſe ignominious bonds, which have indeed
My own diſhonour'd, not the wearer's arm.

[*Takes off his chains.*]

Lord *Sal.* —Say, to what purpoſe tends this honeſt ſeeming?

Raym. That I have wrong'd thee, I confeſs—take this,

[*Gives him a ſword, and draws another.*]

The only reſtitution I have left.
I know thou never canſt forgive, nor I
Forget; the ſword then judge between.

Lord *Sal.* ——Indeed!
Lives there ſo much of honour then within thee?
Spite of the mighty wrongs which thou haſt done
Me, I do thank thee——

Raym. Now Fortune mark her favourite!—

[*Loſes his ſword in the encounter.*

Then ſhe is partial, and I muſt ſubmit.

Lord *Sal.* Take up thy ſword again; my fair revenge
Diſdains too cheap a conqueſt,

Raym. 'Tis too much.
Oh! generous! generous even to cruelty!—
Some way I wou'd repay thee—Oh! that I

[*Takes up his ſword.*

Had never ſeen thy wife!—It may not be—
Then let me tear for ever from my breaſt
The guilty paſſion: thus I thank thee—thus

[*Wounds himſelf.*

Atone the miſchiefs, that—oh— [*Falls.*

Lord

Lord *Sal.* This indeed
Atones for all. Thou much misguided youth!
What tempted thee to stray so wide from honour?
Raym. Ask, ask that villain; he will answer all—
That villain Grey! whose wicked arts seduc'd me—
Forgive——I die, I die; a dreadful proof
What ills await the wretch, who gives his ear—
To vicious counsels—
Lord *Sal.* Dreadful proof, indeed!—
I do forgive thee, so forgive thee Heaven!

Re-enter MORTON.

Now where's my wife? where is my friend Leroches?
Mort. My lord, by my assistance he has fled.
I saw how vain your purpose to escape;
His single flight was unobserv'd—your friends
In quest of whom he hasted, are arriv'd; [*A trumpet is heard.*
That trumpet speaks it.
Lord *Sal.* It is, it is sir Ardolf!——See! he comes.

Enter ARDOLF, and KNIGHTS.

Ard. My noble friend—safe! crown'd with conquest too!
Lord *Sal.* Saw you Leroches?
Ard. My lord,
He sought the castle by a private path;
I thought he had been here by this.
Lord *Sal.* 'Tis well.
But where's my wife? my son? my soul is maim'd
Of half it's joys till I've again embrac'd them.

Enter ELEANOR.

Ele. My lord! my lord! the countess and lord
William—Send, send and save them from destruction.
With horses that out-strip the winds, the villains
Have borne her from the castle. [haste—
Lord *Sal.* Ravish'd by villains!—Mount your horses,
Ard. Say, which way have they fled?
Ele. West of the castle:
Heaven grant their swiftness mock not your best speed!
Ard. Now good my lord, if I might speak—
Lord *Sal.* Speak not
To me, but forth and scower the country—
Ard. Hark!
Methought I heard a voice—

Ele.

Ele. And I, methought—
Perhaps Heaven has been kind; perhaps 'tis ſhe.

Lady SALISBURY entering.

Now huſh'd be ev'ry fear—Where, where's my heroe?
That I may once more hold him to my boſom.

Enter Lady SALISBURY and Lord WILLIAM, conducted by LEROCHES.

Lord *Sal.* 'Tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe!—
My wife is in my arms again!—Speak, ſpeak;
O! whence this precious, this unlook'd event?
Lady *Sal.* When the fell ruffian,
When Grey with impious hands had ſnatch'd us hence,
Then came my guardian angel, came your friend,
And reſcued us from ruin.
Ler. Happy hour!
I took the path which brought me to their reſcue!
The atrocious villain fell beneath this arm.
Lord *Sal.* My wife!
My ſon! my friend! my God! my guardian God!
Ele. O joy! that they are here again!
Lord *Sal.* They're here! they're here! my wife and ſon are here!—
Proclaim it, O ye ſons of light! ſpread wide
Your ſtarry pinions, angels, ſpread them wide,
And trumpet loud throughout th' unmeaſur'd tracts
Of higheſt Heaven, that virtue is made happy.
Lady *Sal.* Let the ſun ceaſe to ſhine, the planets ceaſe,
Drop every ſtar from his ethereal height,
E're I forget thee, ſource of every good!
Lord *Sal.* Friends, I am much beholden to you all.
My love! the gloom, that overſpread our morn,
Is now diſpers'd; our late miſhaps
Recall'd, ſhall be th' amuſing narrative,
And ſtory of our future evening, oft
Rehears'd. Our ſon too—he ſhall hang upon
The ſounds, and lift his little hands in praiſe
To Heaven; taught by his mother's bright example,
That, to be truly good, is to be bleſs'd.

FINIS.